Walk Out of Here Alone

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Walk Out of Here Alone

by Katarra

Summary

Hannibal leaned in close, long fingers tightening painfully, and pressed his teeth against Will's neck. For a fraction of a second, Will felt his heart skip a beat, but then he realized Hannibal's mouth was far too high for a mating bite.

He swallowed heavily and felt those teeth dig into his skin. No, that was definitely not the promise of mating. It was a threat.

His cock gave another treacherous little twitch.

"Okay," Will whispered, "I won't move. I promise."

Notes

Please accept my humble offering for #BottomHannibalDay, which should be a national holiday, especially since it's my birthday.

Also a HUGE thank you to my betas Rose and Ed, who patiently held my hand all through writing and editing this fic, which has been my first attempt at smut. Without them, this fic would never have existed. 💜

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was lost in sensation with the touch, taste, and smell of Hannibal completely enveloping him. Hannibal's hand was hastily shoved into Will's jeans the moment he'd opened them wide enough in what Will was sure was a painful angle. He groped at Will's rapidly hardening length, fingers teasing and exploring as far as the awkward angle would allow, all the while devouring Will's mouth like he was trying to steal the air from his lungs.

Will tried to slow him down, pulling back so they both could catch their breath, but Hannibal wasn't having it, yanking his hand out of Will's jeans to roughly grab his face by the chin, keeping him in place to plunder his mouth again without mercy.

The omega's heat scent was thickening in the small cab, growing stronger and harder to ignore with each passing second. The AC, jacked up as high as it could go, was doing little but circulating the scent around them, and it certainly wasn't cooling off Hannibal's hot, flushed skin. Everywhere he touched Will felt like he was being branded.

Hannibal rolled his hips against Will's, a mindless action that wrung groans from the both of them, so he repeated it again, harder, grinding in an uncoordinated rhythm like he didn't even know what he wanted to get out of the action.

Even so, the humping wasn't enough. Soon, Hannibal was squirming and huffing in dissatisfaction and began to claw at the rest of his clothing, but he refused to be displaced from Will's lap for even a second to make the process any easier. In the end, it was his distressed whining that triggered something deep in Will's hind-brain, and without thinking about it, he reached around Hannibal's trim waist and dug his fingers into the remaining dry patch of material of his pants.

It ripped along the seams like tissue paper. For once, Will's alpha strength was useful for something good.

Hannibal let out a long, relieved sigh as the fabric was torn from him, exposing his sweaty and slick-covered thighs to the cool air coming from the cab's ents.

Much to Will's surprised delight, the omega wore nothing underneath, and Will wasted no time getting a firm grip on that pert ass, grabbing a cheek in each hand, squeezing and kneading the plush flesh. He had half a mind to seize Hannibal around the middle, flip him over, prop him up on the dashboard, and then bury his face where that sweet, suffocating scent was strongest.

Will's mouth watered at the mere thought, but his intention must have been clear on his face because Hannibal suddenly snarled at him, removing Will's hands from his ass and pressing them harshly against the back of the seat in warning.

"No," he growled, voice so low and vicious that Will's cock gave a very confused twitch in his boxers. None of Will's previous partners had been even a fraction as aggressive as this feral little omega. Turned out, he *liked* that.

Will must've looked a little distracted, because Hannibal gave a small squeeze to his wrists and clarified, "No *teasing."*

Will would hardly call eating him out *teasing.* Heat or not, Hannibal had implied he'd never been with anyone before, and that meant *some* sort of preparation was required. And he could think of nothing better than slowly easing him open for the first time with his tongue.

Because despite holding a knife to his gut just a moment ago, Will didn't want to hurt him. He wasn't yet overcome with his rut and wanted to take things slow and careful while he still had a mind to do so.

Hannibal, on the other hand, had no such qualms. He was already back to work on Will's jeans, having only managed to open the buckle and partially unzip them earlier. Will made an aborted movement to help things along and was met with another irritated growl, fierce and threatening and far more alpha-like in intensity than anything that should've come out of an omega.

Hannibal was both needy and domineering, ready in an instant to *take* from Will whatever he wasn't fast enough to give. Will had long grown used to tamping down his natural alpha instincts, to let things slide rather than get riled up and risk something terrible happening. That practice was serving him well here, where he knew that, true mates or not, the omega on top of him was *dangerous,* and had already confessed to going feral when in heat. In his own head, Will couldn't deny the idea excited him, just a little, and he wanted to hear more of those unnatural growls.

Before he could disobey Hannibal's unspoken orders, Hannibal grabbed both of Will's wrists in one strong hand and forcefully pinned them above Will's head.

Hannibal leaned in close, long fingers tightening painfully, and pressed his teeth against Will's neck. For a fraction of a second, Will felt his heart skip a beat, but then he realized Hannibal's mouth was far too high for a mating bite.

He swallowed heavily and felt those teeth dig into his skin. No, that was definitely not the promise of mating. It was a threat.

His cock gave another treacherous little twitch.

"Okay," Will whispered, "I won't move. I promise."

To prove it, Will made himself relax under Hannibal's weight, bleeding the tension out of his thighs and letting his arms go lax, until the only thing holding them up was Hannibal's unforgiving grip.

At his show of submission, the teeth at Will's neck withdrew slightly, only to harshly drag down, scraping along his vulnerable flesh with those sharp canines, very nearly breaking the skin.

Despite the pain - and the bolt of alarm that went up Will's spine - he let out a low groan, his promise already broken as his hips jerked upward. His covered cock ground roughly against

Hannibal, spreading the slick further down his thighs and all over Will's jeans. Even though the thick denim, the dampness was starting to seep through, making his skin feel sticky.

Luckily for his jugular, Hannibal didn't punish him for his offense. On the contrary, Will could feel a pleased hum vibrate against his throat where Hannibal's attentions had briefly relaxed into wet, open-mouthed kisses.

But this sudden gentleness didn't last long enough to lure Will into a false sense of security. Aside from the occasional, involuntary twitch toward the blazing heat above him, Will kept his promise and stayed perfectly still. His arms remained in place, hands clamped on the headrest behind him, even as Hannibal's wandering mouth traveled along Will's neck and chest, alternating between quick, pinching nips and sucking harsh bruises onto his skin. Just as Will had become accustomed to one, Hannibal would swiftly switch to the other.

Each was torture, too hard and lasting too long, so far over the line of *rough* that it raced right by "passionate" and hurtled over a cliff into a deep sea of viciousness.

Before long, Will felt like every inch of his torso was thoroughly, cruelly marked. As he sat there panting from the pain, the inexplicable pleasure, and the exertion of staying still, Will couldn't help but wonder when Hannibal was going to go looking for one of their knives to carve his name into Will's flesh and be done with it.

Will was raw and overstimulated, his skin on fire like he was the one in heat. Sweat was starting to drip off his face even though the truck's AC was still on full blast. Being pressed up again Hannibal was like trying to cuddle with an open flame, burns and all.

Will sucked in a quick breath as Hannibal's focus drifted lower, toward his ribs, his back contorted in an extreme bow to reach while still astride Will's lap. He worried at the tiny wound inflicted there with lips and teeth, forcing blood to well up to the surface again, spilling anew.

The metallic scent of blood clashed strangely with the sweetness dominating the small cabin, bringing to mind the smell of rotten meat. Will closed his eyes and tightened his grip on his seat, teeth gritted through the pain as he waited for some other part of him to catch Hannibal's attention and inspire further, cruel marking. Like Hannibal thought a bite on his neck would not be enough.

It was thrilling, in a way, to be wanted so completely by someone, anyone, let along by this dangerous, enigmatic omega.

At least, that was Will's thinking until Hannibal tried to dig a *finger* into the shallow knife wound in his side, no longer quite so shallow.

"Ah, fuck!" he hissed, one of his arms instinctively jerking to swat Hannibal away, but he managed to stop it before his hand left the headrest completely. "What the hell was that for?"

Hannibal merely hummed again, trailing fingertips up along Will's reddened and mottled torso, zeroing in on the spots that were particularly sore and applying more pressure. Will gritted his teeth but otherwise showed no reaction to the pain.

“Satisfying a curiosity,” Hannibal eventually answered, words somehow both breathy and nonchalant. His hands stopped their journey on either side of Will’s throat, thumbs meeting in the middle at his adam’s apple.

“What-” Will swallowed hard and tried to slow his racing heart- “What curiosity?”

Hannibal met his eyes, brow raising in question before savagely raking his nails down Will’s chest, leaving bright, red lines in their wake.

Will quickly muffled his yelp, jaw clenched so tight he swore he could hear his teeth cracking. His chest heaved with his labored breathing, the new claw marks stinging fiercely with the omega’s sweat as Hannibal pressed himself flush against Will. Nose to nose.

Neither of them moved save for Will’s deep breath lifting Hannibal up and down.

“Are you satisfied now?” Will asked through his teeth.

Hannibal tilted his head slightly in thought, accidentally - or, Will suspected, likely with full intention - putting his scent gland right in front of Will’s mouth. His eyes were drawn to that small patch of skin at the base of Hannibal’s neck, and with his rich, sweet scent - growing stronger and fuller by the moment - Will’s mouth tingled with anticipation. If he just leaned forward, he could clamp down on that spot, sink his teeth in, and put his *own* mark on the omega for a change.

When he felt the back of his head lift off the seat, he slammed it back down and held his breath.

Hannibal smiled, lifting his hands to gently stroke along the curve of Will’s jaw. Soft scratches filled the cabin as he idly toyed with Will’s beard, never once breaking eye contact.

“No,” he said, fingers trailing up until both of his hands encompassed Will’s entire head, long fingers wrapped around the back while his thumbs swiped back and forth under his eyes.

Will had experienced something like this once before, when he was eight and visiting his great Aunt Minnie. He recalled the way her hands had mapped his face in place of her gaze, which was cloudy and blind.

She’d wanted to remember him, she’d said, in case she wasn’t long for this world.

Somehow, he knew Hannibal was reverently tracing his features for a similar reason, but it wasn’t Hannibal who was short on time.

When all this had started, Will had only wanted to assure the omega currently running a finger over his forehead that he wasn’t one of *those* alphas, the knotheads, the brutes. The sort that Hannibal had likely slaughtered moments before literally running into Will’s arms.

He’d wanted to prove that he was more than his biology and instincts. That he could, and would, hold back and let Hannibal take the reins.

He was beginning to realize that had been a mistake. None of this had been Hannibal's twisted version of foreplay. It'd been a test. Will had sworn he wouldn't move, hadn't he? And Hannibal had been testing how far that promise went.

Will wasn't sure if he'd failed because he kept it or because he'd made it at all, but the primal part of his brain dedicated to survival was telling him that if he didn't do something soon, he wouldn't live through the night. Hannibal would use him up for his own satisfaction and then…

The image at the forefront of his mind was that of a praying mantis eating the head of the male after mating.

Hannibal's head tilted further to the side, tempting Will once more. But rather than clamping down on Hannibal's gland, binding them together - truly until death did they part, unlike the pretty lies betas tell at their weddings - he wondered if it wouldn't be smarter to aim higher.

Hannibal's hands had reached up into his hair now, sifting through the strands and tugging on various curls, observing with interest as they bounced back into place.

And no longer watching Will.

An earlier impulse resurfaced in Will, both a selfish and selfless desire, and it did not take him long to decide that if he was going to die tonight, he was going to get his fill first.

While Hannibal was distracted, neither eyes nor hands on him directly, Will took a deep, steadying breath and brought up a mental layout of his sleeper cabin. If he missed, he was dead.

Or dead sooner, at any rate.

In an instant, Will grabbed Hannibal around his middle, twisting him so that they were back to front, while himself turning to face his small bed tucked away behind the front seats. He had Hannibal laying flat on his front, rear and legs dangling off the edge, before the omega had any chance to respond.

He didn't waste a time before securing Hannibal to the bed, using his body weight to keep him down and pinning his arms above his head.

It only took a few seconds for the shock to wear off and Hannibal realized what had happened, but by then it was already too late.

Oh, he was snarling in earnest now, thrashing and shouting at Will in a language he didn't know but could reasonably guess the meaning of.

"Quiet," Will murmured in Hannibal's ear. "You've had your fun, haven't you? *Testing* me." At this, Will gave a dirty grind into Hannibal's backside, shoving him down into the bed. "You wanted to see what I'd do if you pushed me, didn't you? Wanted to know how far you could try my patience. Are you satisfied *now,* Hannibal? Learn anything interesting?"

Will punctuated each question with a rip to Hannibal's tattered pants, finally tearing the rest of the material off and unveiling Hannibal in his entirety.

Even in the dull, green light offered by the glowing console behind them, Will could tell Hannibal was exquisite. He was a bit on the thin side but lithely muscled everywhere. Will could make out the straining muscles in his back as he tried to buck Will off, could feel the strength in his arms, and those *legs.* Gorgeously thick and honed. A dancer's legs.

Taking a bit of a risk, Will transferred both of Hannibal's wrists to one hand and trailed a worshipful hand along Hannibal's thighs, starting on the outside, squeezing and stroking in turn, before lightly tracing his fingers along the soft, slick skin on the inside.

Hannibal stilled for a moment then and emitted a small keen while burying his face in the bedding.

"Shy now, darlin'?" Will crooned, drawing light, barely-there patterns on Hannibal's leg as he inched his fingers higher and higher. "You never did answer my questions. Were you testing me?"

Hannibal lifted himself on his elbows, shooting a dirty look over his shoulder. "You've proven your point, *alpha.* If you're going to take me, then *take."*

"Wasn't aware I was proving any point," Will said with a shrug, the very tip of his thumb rubbing back and forth between the crease of Hannibal's leg and ass.

His hand was coated with slick now, and the smell was so saturated in their small confines that he was starting to feel a little dizzy and dry-mouthed. Hannibal was faintly trembling underneath him, but there was no way to know the cause. Pain and desperation from his heat? Excitement? Fear?

The latter made Will the most nervous. No matter how eager Hannibal appeared at various times, if he didn't want this, Will wasn't going to push him. This whole *mates* business at least meant he had the presence of mind to *do* that. Had this been anyone other than Hannibal, Will knew the inside of his cab would've been painted red by now.

After a few more moments of gentle petting and silence, Hannibal kicked out his legs and snarled, accent thick with frustration, "Get *on* with it!"

Will shook his head, even though Hannibal wasn't looking back at him anymore. "No, I don't think I will. See, I've let you hold the reins since the beginning, and where's that got us? Stuck on the side of the road to ride out your heat, and, in my case, a couple new scars I didn't ask for. You don't get to take and take and *take* just because you want something."

More angry little thumps sounded as Hannibal kicked his legs again. He wasn't trying to hit Will, but there was little else he could do to let out whatever pent up energy he had. "You promised," he whispered, in that tiny, injured voice Will remembered from the parking lot.

"I did," Will conceded. "And you took advantage of that, didn't you? Just like you were going to take advantage of my offer for a ride, and like you were going to take advantage of

using me for your heat."

"I wasn't-" Hannibal yelped, which was the most genuine, non-aggressive sound Will had heard out of him so far, when Will brought his palm down sharply on the ass cheek most conveniently at hand.

It was just a *hair* too dark for Will to see either the resulting jiggle or redness surfacing on the skin, which was immensely disappointing.

Hannibal's attempts to free himself started again with a renewed vigor, forcing Will to half-climb on top of him and the bed to keep him down. He managed to keep a hold of both of Hannibal's wrists, but only barely. Hannibal was deceptively *strong*.

"You were. You think I've survived being the way I am without the ability to read people?" Will reached up and grabbed a handful of Hannibal's short hair to pull his head back and look him full in the face. "Think I couldn't see in your eyes *exactly* what you were going to do with me once I've served my purpose?"

Hannibal panted as he struggled with the angle Will had forced his neck into. When he opened his mouth, Will cut him off with a sharp growl.

"Think very carefully about your next words. Do *not* lie to me."

"I would…" Hannibal paused and assessed the look in Will's eyes before casting his gaze down as far as his position allowed. "I'm sorry, alpha." Will already had his head tilted uncomfortably, but damn if Hannibal didn't try to show his neck submissively anyway.

Will released him.

"You're not," Will decided and watched in amusement as Hannibal went from carefully submissive and slack on the bed to stiff and wary.

In contrast to his harsh grip from earlier, he ran his fingers gently through Hannibal's hair in much the same way the omega had done to him. "But that's ok. Just this once, I'll forgive you."

The reassurance hadn't relaxed Hannibal's body language in the slightest. Good.

Interestingly, when Will removed his hand from Hannibal's hair and returned it to the soft skin of his inner thighs to continue his slow petting there, some of the tension left Hannibal's body, like air being let out of a tire.

"The way I see it," Will said, each word as slow and soft as his fingers on Hannibal, "we've only got a few choices here, and they all depend on you. If you don't want this, me, all you gotta do is say so. I'll give you some clean clothes, whatever cash I have, and I'll drop you off at a heat center. Hell, I'll even give you my credit card which you can use until I get around to canceling it."

As difficult as that would be, considering how very close to falling over the edge into a full-blown heat Hannibal was, Will would do it. He'd step back, turn the rig around, and take

Hannibal wherever he needed to go. But then after, thinking about how he'd go back to his life from before, spending every rut alone, enraged, aching for something he now knew existed yet would always be out of reach…

His hand involuntarily clenched around Hannibal's inner thigh, fingers digging into the tender, sensitive flesh. He hadn't realized he'd done it until Hannibal's muffled whimpers hit his ears, and he reluctantly let go, stroking the abused skin as gently as he could manage.

"That's the worst-case scenario," Will confessed, knowing full well other scenarios included one or both of them not surviving the night, "but I'd make it happen, if you wanted. Doesn't have to be the center, either, if you've got somewhere else to go, someplace safe."

Though if he did, would Hannibal be hitchhiking in the middle of nowhere so close to his heat?"

Hannibal had yet to respond in any way, only huffing and concealing small, nigh-inaudible moans into the bedding whenever Will's fingers trailed high, knuckle brushing lightly against his perineum. Will would barely have to move his hand to sink a finger inside, where Hannibal would be drenched and ready for him. How many fingers could an untouched omega take for the first time? Will desperately wanted to find out, but they weren't done with this conversation yet.

And they wouldn't be until Hannibal participated.

Perhaps he just needed a little incentive.

"Is that something you want?" Will asked, leaning over so his mouth was by Hannibal's ear. Hannibal shivered but didn't answer. The hand not restraining him was still between his legs, lightly brushing the hot patch of skin behind Hannibal's balls, made all the more sensitive by his imminent heat. "Do you want to leave?" Will pressed.

Finally, Will heard something out of Hannibal louder than a whimper as he wailed into a pillow, his hands opening and closing in futile fists.

"What was that? I couldn't quite hear you."

Will pressed a little harder, feeling for the swollen slick glands tucked up near the prostate.

The set Hannibal's feet to kicking wildly, followed by a startled grunt when Will glided his thumb up to Hannibal's profusely leaking hole. Not pushing or seeking entrance, no. Merely resting on the rim.

"You're going to have to use your words, darlin'," Will insisted as he started a slow, massaging rhythm with his fingers.

Hannibal's fists unclenched as he tried to push himself up on his elbows and knees, but Will's position half-draped over his back didn't allow for that. "Nnng," he groaned.

Will gave a harsh tap with his thumb to Hannibal's entrance. "Try again."

That gave Hannibal another start, and he moaned, low and desperate into the pillow, a very quiet, “Please.”

“Better,” Will conceded, “but that wasn’t an answer to my question.”

What Will wouldn’t give to be able to wrench Hannibal’s head back as he tapped his thumb again. If he couldn’t quite make out whatever muffled noise Hannibal made at that, he supposed he had to be satisfied with the downward jerk of Hannibal’s hips it garnered instead.

Normally, he’d have some kind of concern for his threadbare bedsheets, knowing that Hannibal was leaking just as much from his front as he was the back, but he’d given this entire cab as up for lost as soon as he realized Hannibal was going into heat.

There would be no getting the scent out, not when it’d had this long to saturate deep into the fabric. Blood would’ve been so much easier to deal with.

Thinking that Hannibal wasn’t going to yield without a bit more pressure, Will withdrew and reached under Hannibal’s hips to get an eager hand on him. Even after ripping open Hannibal’s pants, he’d yet to get even a glimpse of his cock - and he’d like to at least get an idea of it until it was safe to flip Hannibal over.

Will was already more intimately aware of the damage Hannibal could do with teeth and nails alone than he’d like.

Except Hannibal gasped out a distressed, *“No!”* as he squirmed against Will’s grip almost as fiercely as he’d done when he was first pinned.

The progression of Will’s hand halted immediately, lifting off of Hannibal’s skin to hover over his body with uncertainty. “No?”

“Please, Will, don’t-” Hannibal shuddered, pulling on his captured wrists with a newfound source of strength. Will struggled to keep him still while also diverting his focus to plan out in his head how to get Hannibal somewhere safe, far away from him, without igniting either of their more uncivilized instincts.

“Please,” Hannibal repeated, lifting his dark, shining eyes up to meet Will’s. With how widely they were dilated, they looked pure black in the dim light.

Will braced for the incoming plea, vowing not to show his disappointment on his face or in his body language.

Except the next words out of Hannibal’s breathless mouth were not a demand for an end to proceedings but, *“Don’t stop.”*

Everything in Will stopped for the span of a heartbeat. No breath, no thought, no blood flow. With Hannibal’s next upset keen, hips lifting off the bed in search of Will, he felt his body restart. Will inhaled deeply as he brought his hand down to run his hand along the length of

Hannibal's leg, heart racing as he trailed his fingers through the copious slick permanently ruining the sheets and the carpeting, and finally up to the round swell of Hannibal's ass.

Hannibal relaxed under him with a sweet sigh, letting his cheek fall to rest on the pillow for a moment before turning to bury his nose in it. Will was shocked to realize he wasn't trying to muffle his sounds at all but was rubbing his face against the pillow, luxuriating where Will's scent was no doubt concentrated from years of sleeping at rest stops and on the side of the road.

Will returned his hand to where Hannibal apparently wanted it, three fingers pressed up against his perineum and a thumb poised teasingly at his hole. He allowed the tip of his thumb to just *barely* dip inside and delighted in Hannibal's jerk and the way he tried to angle his hips to encourage more.

Will didn't allow it, of course.

"You want me to keep touching you, baby?" Will asked.

Hannibal made a please hum, but oh no, that wasn't going to be good enough. Will lifted his fingers away.

When Hannibal's hips tried to follow, Will adjusted to pin him down completely with a leg. "You're going to answer me, or you're going to get nothing *from* me, do you understand?"

Hannibal was quick with a response this time. "Yes, alpha," he rasped, his entire body trembling like it was a tremendous strain to resist chasing after Will's hand.

"Good boy," Will said and rewarded Hannibal with slowly sliding his thumb inside. Will himself was richly rewarded with the little gasps Hannibal made with each slow retreat and reentry, not to mention finally finding out just how very hot and silky Hannibal was inside.

How could omegas survive burning up like this for every heat? Each time Will slid his thumb out he was nearly surprised it was still intact and the meat hadn't been melted off the bone.

He wasn't sure if it'd be agony or perfection to sink his cock into such heat, but the way slick gushed out of Hannibal if he pressed *just* right was rapidly convincing him it would be the latter.

Neither of them were going to stay coherent for much longer tonight. Will needed to move things along before it was too late.

"Do you want me to keep touching you?" he repeated.

Hannibal grunted *something* that sounded affirmative, but Will paused anyway.

His omega learned quickly, though. "Yes! Please, alpha, please, don't stop."

Will sunk his thumb in nearly all the way, pressing down hard while simultaneously pressing *up* with his fingers. The position was starting to make his hand cramp up, but the way

Hannibal shouted, trembling all over and squeezing down painfully on his thumb, made any discomfort worth it.

He let up only enough that he knew Hannibal would be paying attention to his words rather than his hand. “Do you want to share your heat with me?”

“Yes, alpha, please! I need you, I need-”

Will shushed him, stroking Hannibal’s wrists gently. It was a risk to loosen his grip at all, but Hannibal was so soft and pliant, starting to lose himself to his growing desire. “I know what you need, and I’ll give it to you, baby, don’t worry. You just have to answer me.”

“I have! Please, Will-”

“Just one more. One more, and you’ll get whatever you want.”

“Anything,” Hannibal said with a sigh, sounding more like a plea than a promise.

Will gentled his hold on Hannibal, giving him an out, an opportunity to make his true feelings known.

Hannibal’s face was turned toward him, and even in the dark, he looked flushed and sweaty. But he was staring at Will, focused. Expectant.

Still in there, then.

“Do you want my bite, Hannibal? Will you allow me to mark you?”

Hannibal’s breathing was quick and unsteady, his back rising and falling fast enough Will was growing concerned about hyperventilation.

Knowing he had a knife in his boot in case this went completely sideways, Will finally released Hannibal’s wrists. He brought his newly freed hand to the side of Hannibal’s face, brushing his thumb across the man’s striking cheekbone.

Will waited. Hannibal’s eyes never wavered even when Will was moving, staying firmly fixed on him. They were unclouded, darting across Will’s face with an intensity like he was trying to peel back Will’s skin with his mind to take a closer look at his inner workings.

While Hannibal deliberated, Will slid his hand down to cup the side of his neck, stroking along his scent gland in what he knew was an unfair tactic.

“Will you be my mate, Hannibal?”

Hannibal watched him for one long second, in which Will envisioned many different answers to that question, most of which involved Hannibal taking advantage of Will’s relaxed vigilance and lurching forward to rip out a chunk of Will’s throat. Maybe even tear out his scent gland with his teeth and keep it with him for his heat. The alpha pheromones would last for quite a while and ease the worst of his pains.

His main concern for that scenario was what was going to happen with Winston? But before he could fall too deep in his worries, Hannibal had an answer for him.

“Yes.”

Will swallowed. “Yes to which?”

“To all of it. To anything you wish to do to me.”

“With you,” Will insisted. Hannibal’s brows furrowed, not understanding. “Anything I do, everything I want, is *with* you. Together. I’ve had enough of being alone, physically or otherwise. Are you with me, Hannibal?”

Hannibal surged toward him - or tried to. Will’s hand instinctively tightened on his throat, not threatening, just holding, and his legs kept the bottom half of Hannibal in place.

Hannibal whined, a sharp sound that finally roused Winston from his sleep. Will could hear him moving around behind them in his crate and loudly snuffling - a sound Will recognized as Winston sticking his nose between the gaps in the crate door to sniff at something new and interesting.

But not long after, he loudly sneezed, and Will heard him retreat to the back of the crate, where he would remain, pouting that Will had the nerve to stink up the sleeper cabin to such a degree.

“Will, please, I-”

Despite being released some time ago, Hannibal only just now moved his arms, reaching for Will and pulling himself close enough to smash their mouths together, completely ignoring the added pressure the move put on his throat.

Will groaned into Hannibal’s mouth, letting go to wrap his arms around the omega, mindful of his wet hand. Hannibal immediately pressed up against him, slinging an eager leg over Will’s hips in an attempt to slot them together. But Will was still mostly clothed, and Hannibal was constricted by the remnants of his pants tattered about his legs.

“Wait,” Will gasped, trying to pull away only for Hannibal to latch on tighter, leaving a trail of wet kisses all over Will’s face and throat. Will tried to make his voice firmer. “Hannibal, just wait a second.”

“No,” Hannibal growled back, a shade of his previous self coming back to the surface, tinged with something frantic, something animal. “You said- you *promised!* Will, Will, Will, I need-”

“I know, baby, shh.” Will ran a hand up Hannibal’s broad shoulders to grip the back of his neck, squeezing until Hannibal calmed a little.

“Neither of us are really dressed for what comes next, are we?” Will asked, gesturing with his chin down to his deeply uncomfortable jeans and Hannibal’s barely-there pants.

“Oh,” Hannibal said with a slow blink. He likely hadn’t even noticed either’s presence, even when desperately trying to rub up against Will.

Will carefully manipulated Hannibal until he was flat on his belly again, though this time he had freedom of movement. “You’ll stay right there for me while I take care of that for us, won’t you, darlin’?”

Hannibal looked like he struggled with the idea of remaining still, half-propped up on his elbows to stare at Will hungrily. But the logical part of his brain - which knew he’d get no more touches or kisses in the near future if he disobeyed - must’ve won out against the increasingly dominant omega part because he nodded and sunk down onto the bed, head pillowed on his arms.

“Please hurry,” was all he said, a pretty bit of begging that reminded Will how terribly hard and aching he was - and had been for ages.

He complied quickly, slipping off the bed to kick off his boots as he tore his jeans down his legs. His boxers quickly followed, and Will somehow managed to multitask toeing off his socks while ripping the remnants of Hannibal’s pants off into ragged scraps.

In the end, it was kneeling between Hannibal’s legs, ridding him of his own socks and shoes, that finally broke Will.

Until now, he’d been in control of his urges and desires. But Hannibal was hanging off the edge of the bed, his ass positioned perfectly in front of Will’s face.

Unwittingly, his hands slowly trailed up the backs of Hannibal’s smooth, slick thighs. He palmed each cheek, squeezing and kneading for a moment as he delighted in their plushness. He pulled them apart and, just as Hannibal was shakily asking him what he was doing, dove in tongue first.

Hannibal howled, though whether the sound was out of surprise, pleasure, or both, Will couldn’t say. Will could hardly think anymore with the sweet, syrupy flavor suddenly invading his taste buds.

Hannibal was squirming, moving in a way that made it difficult for Will to keep his mouth where he wanted it and drinking down Hannibal’s slick as he wrung out as much of it from the omega as he could. So he slung an arm over the small of Hannibal’s back, pinning him down to the bed again.

For the next heat, if there *was* a next heat, Will was going to have to look into some proper restraints or somehow grow a third arm.

“Will, Will please, I cannot-”

Drawing his mouth away, Will purred, “You can. And you will.”

He returned to his feast, spearing Hannibal open on his tongue, delving as deeply as he could. It was a challenge to both hold Hannibal down with one arm and open with another, but he

managed.

The sweetness was nearly indescribably, so intense he felt like it should make his teeth ache, but instead made his mouth burn with the need for more. Will knew half of the wetness coating the insides of Hannibal's thighs was now Will's own saliva, dripping down from the omega's reddened hole. When Will pulled back to catch his breath, he saw the mess he'd made, and all he could wonder was how much filthier he could make his would-be mate before the night was over.

His knot throbbed at the idea of Hannibal thoroughly covered in their combined scents, slick and come and sweat smeared over every inch of his skin. Even after his heat was over, he'd reek of the both of them. Especially with Will's mark on his neck.

Maybe even with Will's babe in his belly.

Under different circumstances, that thought would've drawn Will up short. He'd never even considered the possibility of breeding and passing his violent, predatory impulses on to another generation. But his mind had been addled by Hannibal's heat for long enough that all he wanted to do now was bury himself so deep inside of Hannibal, knot him so well, that he would leave a piece of himself behind forever.

Hannibal's quiet whines as Will ate him out started to take a pained edge. As much as he wanted to keep going until his jaw fell off, he *did* have a job to do.

And he'd never had one he was so glad to do in his life.

With no warning, he lifted Hannibal by the hips to get up onto his knees. For all his lanky form, he was a solidly built little beast, and Will could feel the tensed abdominal muscles under his fingers jump as he explored the soft skin of Hannibal's belly.

Like he'd been trained for it all his life, Hannibal pressed his chest into the bed, arching his back to present his lower half as enticingly as possible, not that Will needed much enticing, to be honest. He could still appreciate the view.

Well, he *would* take the time to appreciate it if he didn't have a panting, shaking omega in need of some kind of relief. Not wanting to keep Hannibal waiting any longer, Will wrapped one hand around Hannibal's cock, nearly as burning hot to the touch on the outside as the omega had been on the *inside.*

Will had the sudden, unbidden thought wondering what it would feel like to take such a scorching length, if it would be as good as he anticipated the reverse to be.

Now wasn't the time for such things, though, even if the idea was growing more intriguing by the second as Will set a fast pace of stroking Hannibal's exquisitely long cock. He listened as Hannibal groaned, the sound so deep that it sent familiar tingles down Will's spine.

He didn't let up on his strokes as he slipped two fingers into Hannibal's hole without preamble, knowing he was still soft and open from Will's earlier work.

Hannibal keened, hips starting to move of their own volition back onto Will's fingers and then forward into the tight fist Will had made around his cock.

"There you go, darlin'," Will cooed, leaning forward to press a tender kiss to the small of Hannibal's back. "Keep doing what feels good."

Hannibal huffed, and his shoulders shook violently as his movements began to pick up speed.

"It's not enough, alpha. I need more. Please, more!"

Will made a consoling noise, peppering Hannibal's lower back and cheeks with more little kisses.

"More? Like this?" He easily slid a third finger into Hannibal, which did not as easily slide back out.

Hannibal's inner walls had greedily clamped down, a deliciously intense pressure that made Will all the more eager to move things along.

When he tried pulling his fingers free with more force, Hannibal whined and tried to squeeze down harder to keep Will in place. "Nn-no! So full, I need…"

"Oh darlin'," Will said as he finally retrieved his three fingers. "You haven't even *begun* to be full of me, not yet."

He ignored the pitiful noise Hannibal made at suddenly being empty. The sound Hannibal made when Will returned with four fingers was *much* more interesting: a low, punched-out groan. It was quickly followed by a drawn-out silence where the only things Will could hear were his own harsh breathing and the wet, filthy squelch as he pushed his fingers as deep as Hannibal could take them.

But Will soon found he missed Hannibal's little moans and pants, so he tightened his grip on Hannibal's cock and gave it one long stroke just as he angled his fingers to brush-

Hannibal finally breathed in, a wheezing gasp as his body arched. His hips stuttered downward, thrusting into Will's hand as he came all over Will's fingers and christened the sheets with the official start of his heat.

The relief would be short-lived.

Will gentled his touch before withdrawing completely, watching as Hannibal's limbs twitched in the aftershocks of his orgasm. Since it was ruined anyway, Will hastily wiped both his hands on the nearest corner of the sheet. When he dubbed them clean enough, he joined Hannibal on the bed, running a firm soothing hand from Hannibal's lower back to his shoulders.

The touch seemed to settle Hannibal, enough for him to stop shaking and finally look up to where Will was laying next to him, propped up on an elbow with a very self-satisfied smirk on his face.

“Better?”

Hannibal blinked his glistening - but clear - eyes up at Will before slowly nodding. “Yes. I believe so.” He looked away, suddenly fascinated with the cheap wood paneling right in front of his face.

Will couldn’t be sure, but he thought he saw a pink tinge to Hannibal’s cheeks that looked to be more than just an aroused flush.

“I hadn’t expected…” Hannibal glanced at Will briefly and discarded whatever he’d been about to say. His expression scrunched up into an unhappy moue. “That came upon me quickly.”

“They tend to do that,” Will said with a shrug, “especially when there’s a receptive alpha around to respond to.”

“A cruel cycle,” Hannibal noted. He sat up in bed, unconcerned with his nudity, and adjusted to be settled just a little bit closer to Will.

Will suspected he was just getting out of the wet spot where he’d been laying. Though honestly, it wasn’t just wet, it was *flooded* at this point. Will was going to have to throw the whole mattress out at the end of this.

With Hannibal above him, Will was starting to feel a bit awkward, laying how he was. Especially because, unlike Hannibal, he was acutely aware of his own naked state. He was also aware that as Hannibal moved, Will naturally put his displaced arm along his side. Propped up as he was, everything exposed, he knew he must make a ridiculous picture, like something from Knotty & Nice.

A magazine he definitely had never purchased. Ever.

Was Hannibal the snooping type? Will was suddenly worried Hannibal was the snooping type.

“Depends on your definition of cruel,” Will said, just to distract himself from his own thoughts and the new urge to toss a certain box under his bed out the window. “But you have to admit, it gets the job done pushing the species to… to mate”

Will had wanted to say *breed.* Hannibal looked at him like he knew it, too. But Will wasn’t going to get anywhere near that subject until Hannibal broached it first.

“It’s the same biological drive most of the rest of the animal kingdom has. Just more intense.”

Hannibal leveled him with a look. “Easy for you to say as an *alpha,”* Hannibal scoffed, something sharp and bitter in his tone, “when nature doesn’t make you beg for it.”

As he spoke, Hannibal tilted forward, fists slowly bunching up the sheets in between them, arms shaking with pent up emotion.

Will reached over to envelope one of Hannibal's clenched hands with his own and rubbed his thumb along Hannibal's tense fingers. "Other creatures don't have as far to fall. Perhaps that's the whole point, to make us more equal to them. Forcing us to be vulnerable when otherwise humanity would refuse. All we have are these moments of clarity in between to decide how we want this to end and the hope that our resolve persists when we're lost in our need. Is that cruel? Maybe. But it's more than the others are given."

Hannibal relaxed, not by much, but his hands unfurled to lay flat against the bed. Will instantly threaded their fingers together, noting how overwhelmingly hot and sweaty his omega's hand was.

"How do you want this to go?" Will asked. "Remember, I told you that we had choices, but they depend on you. Do you want to rethink your answers?"

Despite both of them being naked, despite every breath of air they take becoming more and more of *them* and their combining scents than oxygen anymore, despite how *very* hard and throbbing Will was, with a partially formed knot that was growing steadily more uncomfortable the longer it was ignored…

If Hannibal said yes, Will would do what had to be done. It'd kill him, probably literally if one took Hannibal into account - but he'd do it. He was realizing now that Hannibal had been more heat-addled than he'd thought earlier, if he was this upset over his prior, rather mild, pleading.

Which was a shame. Will had been looking forward to more of that. A lot more.

"My answers? Is this where your impression resolve comes into play?" Hannibal's gaze took on a strange gleam then, and he shifted onto his knees to lean down over Will.

Will focused very hard on keeping his eyes on Hannibal's and *not* the cock rapidly swelling with interest not a few inches away from his face. "My, uh-" he cleared his throat and involuntarily squeezed Hannibal's hand- "What *about* my resolve?"

Hannibal took their linked hands and planted them on the bed, forcing Will onto his back.

On, he thought, mind a little slow on the uptake, what with the cock threatening to jab his adam's apple.

Will saw Hannibal going for his other hand and let him. Hannibal linked that pair of hands too and swung his leg over Will's body, straddling his chest.

"You know precisely what I mean," Hannibal purred, looming over Will.

This was starting to feel familiar, though all the knives were either by the front seat or in places only Will knew. None were accessible at the moment.

"Such a good alpha," Hannibal continued, not waiting for a response. "Always giving, even when he acts like he's taking. You had me at your mercy, used all that alphan might to pin

down an omega ripe for the plucking… to then only use your hands and mouth? Why the hesitation, alpha? You could've done as you pleased."

That gleam was back, and Will wondered about it. This dance they were doing in such close quarters was long and serpentine, always doubling back to the same issue again and again. Trust.

So Will answered honestly. "I did."

Hannibal blinked down at him, brows furrowed cutely in confusion. While he pondered that, Will took advantage of the loose hold on his hands to flip Hannibal onto his back.

And since they kept the relatively same position during the move, he decided while he was in the vicinity to wrap his mouth around the head of Hannibal's cock, sinking down as far as he could comfortably go. It wasn't as flashy as swallowing him down to the root, but Will was hopeful he'd get plenty of practice for that later.

An omega in full-blown heat was going to have a hair-trigger anyway.

"Will!" Hannibal lurched upright, hunching over Will's head with his fingers clenched in his unruly curls, holding onto him desperately.

It didn't take more than a few bobs of his head before a litany of "Wil, Will, Will!" fell from Hannibal's lips. His fingers tightened to the point of pain - making Will's eyes slightly roll up into his head and his knot give a particularly tortuous throb - and Will found his mouth again flooded with the taste of Hannibal, far less sweet this time but no less addictive.

Hannibal wheezed and fell back against the bed, staring up at the ceiling as his chest heaved.

Will crawled on top of him, hovering over his body on elbows and knees. "I did what I wanted then, too."

Hannibal's heavy breathing didn't slow as he slid his dazed - yet considering - gaze over Will. "And what do you want now?"

"A lot of things," Will admitted as he slowly lowered his mouth to the flushed skin of Hannibal's neck. He kissed the spot destined for a mating bite, making a silent promise to come back later.

"I want to taste every inch of you," Will began, tongue shadowing his words to explore the skin of Hannibal's throat. Softly, followed by even softer, barely-there brushes of his lips. "I want to find out how many times I can make you come with my mouth, my fingers, or on my tongue."

Will moved lower and idly traced the tip of his nose through the plentiful chest hair in front of him until his lips found a dark nipple. Hannibal gasped as Will toyed with it, alternating between sucking, licking, and nipping ever so lightly with his teeth.

But it was when he blew cool air over the bud that Hannibal jolted slightly underneath him. Will smirked. "Or without touching you at all."

Will ran his hands down Hannibal's sides, watching as his belly went slightly concave whenever he inhaled, putting his rib cage in sharp relief. Will resisted the urge to bite down one of the ridges and set his teeth around a mouthful of the soft skin of Hannibal's middle instead.

It was a nip, only hard enough to leave the pink impression of Will's teeth for a few seconds. He moved a few inches to the right and did it again. A little up. Down, near a kidney. Another, right under Hannibal's heart. Bite after bite after bite until Hannibal was squirming anew, twitching and sighing every time Will set his teeth to him and groaning in disappointment every time he pulled away.

He lingered at the V of Hannibal's hips, tracing his Apollo's belt with his lips and tongue on each side. "I want to see the look on your face when I finally slide inside." Will kneeled up and hooked his hands under Hannibal's knees, pulling him until Hannibal was nearly in his lap, legs dangling over Will's elbows. "I want to hear what you sound like when I knot you, and we're tied for the first time."

"I want…" Will leaned over Hannibal, letting go of one leg to rest a hand on the side of his neck, thumb brushing over the scent gland there. "I want to be so lost in you, I forget where I start and you begin. I want our scents so intertwined, no one will ever be able to tell us apart. I want to dig my teeth into your neck and never let go."

Will adjusted Hannibal with a hand on his lower back, lifting his hips to fit more securely against his own. Will's long-neglected cock gained a bit of sweet relief as it slid between Hannibal's cheeks. Will groaned deeply, indulging in thrusting back and forth a few times until his cock was absolutely dripping with slick.

He let the head just barely catch on Hannibal's rim and had to hide his grin in the crook of Hannibal's neck when the omega immediately grabbed onto him, nails biting into the meat of his shoulder.

"Will, pl- I want…"

Will pressed a kiss to the shell of Hannibal's ear. "But I wasn't done telling you what *I* want. Didn't you ask? Don't you want to know, darlin'?"

Hannibal swallowed hard, fingers going lax on Will's upper back. "Yes. Yes, tell me."

"I want my mark on your neck the next time some suicidal alphas think they can get the better of you. And whatever you do to them…" Will's voice was a low rumble as he continued, each word punctuated with a sloppy, aimless thrust, "Next time, I want to watch."

Will had been expecting a reaction, so he wasn't *completely* surprised when he found himself flat on his back again, only with Hannibal straddling him *much* lower now.

At this point, Will knew what Hannibal would demand of him, and he laid perfectly still while Hannibal fumbled around with his cock. The awkward touches were almost too much for Will, who was counting backward from one hundred in barely-remembered French for

want of something, anything else to focus on. It'd been too damn long since anyone had touched him, since he'd been willing to take such a risk.

And now, here was a beautiful, incredible omega in heat, hands slipping all over him in eagerness to get him inside.

Will raised a hand to his shoulder, where he recalled Hannibal had left a particularly nasty bite, and pressed down. The stinging pain served as a decent enough distraction - not enough to make him flag, by any means, but enough that he now had the presence of mind to be useful. He took himself in hand, squeezing hard at the base behind his knot, calming his enthusiasm further, and held himself steady for Hannibal.

…who was not especially grateful for the helping hand, if the dark look he sent Will's way through the sweaty fringes of his hair were any indication. But the glower didn't last long, because now that his target was staying put, the omega had no trouble slipping the head inside.

Both he and Will gave a low hiss at the feeling, and Will's head fell back on the bed, eyes closed and teeth clenched as he squeezed the base of his cock even tighter, hoping through mental willpower alone he could keep his knot from popping prematurely. His hopes felt futile in the wake of such unbelievable tightness, even after spending so much time trying to make sure Hannibal was stretched and relaxed. And he was so *hot,* a fierce, burning heat that Will imagined could easily consume him until nothing was left but ash.

There were worse ways to go.

Hannibal was panting and whining above him, a mix of pain and frustration. He'd barely sunk down an inch, and while Will didn't mind - he was perfectly capable of wrapping a hand around his own knot to finish himself off - Hannibal certainly did. He worked himself down a little bit at a time, huffing in annoyance whenever it became too much. His legs were trembling with the strain of holding himself up and sweat was pouring off of him in buckets.

Will settled his hands on the dip of Hannibal's waist in a loose grip, not directing, just holding. "We don't have to rush it," he said, right as Hannibal braced against his chest. "We can- *fuck!"*

Hannibal shouted at the same time as Will after slamming himself down to take Will completely. His nails dug into Will's pecs, drawing little pinpricks of blood as his breath heaved and his body trembled, shaking with exertion or pain or something else Will couldn't even begin to identify.

Will was having trouble seeing him anyway, vision a blur with all air seemingly having left his lungs. The entire length of his cock was so snug in Hannibal's satin depths that he almost dreaded the thought of pulling out even if it was so he could push back in.

After a few seconds, Hannibal's breathing calmed, pants turning into a deep, rich chuckle as he righted himself and settled into a proper seat on Will's cock. "That's the idea."

“Warn a guy,” Will grunted. He looked up at Hannibal once he regained his focus and was glad to see clarity in his eyes. Hannibal would remember every second of this.

Hannibal made a considering noise, head tilted ever so slightly before declaring, “No. I rather like you surprised.”

Will tried to use his hold on Hannibal to encourage him into a rocking rhythm, something gentle to ease him into it, but he should’ve known better. Hannibal batted his hands away to rear as high as he could go, with Will nearly slipping out of him, before crashing his hips back down.

For a moment, Will thought the loud slap of skin on skin was echoing in the cramped sleeper cabin, but no, Hannibal had not even taken a second to catch his breath before doing it again and again.

Will was passed the point of arguing, mind slowly going to mush with each rise and fall of Hannibal’s hips. His control was rapidly eroding away until there was nothing left to hold him back. Feet planted on the bed, he started to meet Hannibal thrust for thrust.

“Ah, Will!” Hannibal fell forward, no longer supporting himself on his arms, and Will took advantage to surge up the short distance between them for a messy kiss, more teeth and tongue than lips.

Hannibal returned it regardless, little breathless grunts and whines leaving his mouth as Will took over their movements.

As much as he hated to admit it, he was already getting close. *Next time,* he told himself. He’d make it amazing for Hannibal next time, once they’d both had time to recover.

Except by the time that happened, both of them would be too lost in heat and rut to truly experience it. The coming days would be nothing but mindless mating, over and over again. Their coupling would blend together in one blurry montage of skin, come, and slick until the fog lifted.

Gritting his teeth, Will enveloped Hannibal in his arms and sat up, scooting back on the bed until his back hit the wall.

“Don’t stop, don’t-”

“Not stopping,” Will promised. He gently pushed Hannibal until he was braced against Will’s bent legs.

Will had more leverage now and ample access.

His first thrust up punched a startled, gasped *uh* out of Hannibal, who bent forward to rest his head on Will’s shoulder, arms clasped tightly around his neck.

The second thrust was accompanied by a hand wrapping around Hannibal’s dick, stroking up as Will pushed in, down as Will pulled out. Followed by a third, ramping up in speed and ruthlessly, and then blending together into a din of groans and the slapping of skin on skin.

A steady stream of moans were released against Will's clavicle, climbing in pitch as Will moved faster, bouncing Hannibal so hard he could hear his omega's teeth clack on occasion.

Will felt the tell-tale rush of heat and pressure as his knot started to swell, but Hannibal shied away at the first hint of the extra stretch.

When Will stopped to catch his breath, intent on checking in, Hannibal sat back, one hand thrown behind him to hold himself up and the other grabbing onto Will's shoulder as leverage - or possibly as a reminder to keep him from interfering.

Hannibal worked himself on Will's knot, circling his hips and adjusting his angle in determination to get it inside.

Will rested against the wall, hands inoffensively placed on Hannibal's sides as he ground down. Each time Hannibal pressed down, Will's eyes rolled into the back of his head a little, and he knew there was going to be a problem if Hannibal continued on like this.

Will's hand traveled from Hannibal's side to his hot, slick thigh, gripping the muscle hard as he guided his omega's rocking motions. They were both sweating and breathing heavily from their efforts so far, though Hannibal was more affected by the discomfort of trying to accommodate something so large.

The first time was always the most difficult.

After a bit of experimenting - changing the angle of how Hannibal was perched astride him or how Will carefully pushed up into him - Hannibal gasped, the first positive sound in minutes.

Much better.

Will gathered Hannibal close, holding him in that exact position so that Will could strike that precise spot over and over again.

Hannibal cried out when Will returned to his previous task of jerking him off, stripping him so fast Hannibal was overwhelmed.

He kissed him, open-mouthed and wet, an exchange of breath and groans as each of them climbed closer to their peak. Each time Will made a pass at pushing the knot in, he tightened his fist on Hannibal's cock, distracting him and making sure he stayed relaxed.

They were getting closer, Hannibal gradually stretching to take him in. Will's chest was heaving from the exertion, muscles aching and begging for a break.

His hold was firm, near crushing, and he trailed biting kisses down Hannibal's neck until he reached that sweetly enticing gland. He put his mouth there, worrying it with his teeth and sucking harshly on the skin, and Hannibal shook in his arms.

Will roughly pulled Hannibal down as he pushed up as hard as he could, allowing himself one brief moment of triumph as his knot *finally* popped inside. The pressure was unreal, far

tighter than anything he'd ever felt before. Will hurriedly angled Hannibal until he *knew* his knot was pressed firmly against his prostate.

Hannibal sucked in a breath like he was about to be flung over a cliff and right before he started to come for the third time, Will struck.

Blood flooded Will's mouth at the same time Hannibal's come trickled over his hand. He closed his eyes, the feeling of Hannibal's channel clamping down on him finally too much to bear, and he spilled inside with a muffled grunt as Hannibal screamed.

When Hannibal finally quieted, he slumped over on Will's shoulder, breathing hotly against his neck. Will carefully pulled his teeth away, licking his lips free of blood. Occasionally, the muscles in his stomach would jolt as his cock pulsed, filling Hannibal further.

"Hey," Will eventually said, running a soothing hand up Hannibal's back. He was shaking, every muscle quivering under Will's touch. "You doing o-"

Hannibal answered the unfinished question by returning Will's bite, digging his teeth in far deeper than Will had, practically gnawing on him in an effort Will was sure would leave a grotesque scar behind.

He didn't have time to react to the pain before he felt Hannibal deliberately squeeze down on his knot, careering Will into another mini-orgasm.

Will was still reeling, head resting against the wall behind him, when Hannibal finally emerged from Will's neck. His face was a crimson mask, having spilled far more blood than one typically would for a mating bite. Will didn't want to imagine what his neck looked like right now, though from how it throbbed and stung, he had a pretty good idea.

Hannibal's mark was going to look damn near demure in comparison to his.

Hannibal admired his handiwork for a moment, even having the gall to lightly brush his fingers along the jagged edges, smirking slightly at Will's irritated, pained hiss.

"To answer your question," Hannibal said, breathless but still sounding far more put together than he should. If he didn't suspect it was an act, Will's alphan pride might've taken a bit of a hit. "I'm well."

*Oh, **well** is he?* Will shifted on the bed like he was trying to get more comfortable and saw the brief wince on Hannibal's face when their tie was tugged. "Glad to hear it," he said with a grin.

His smile melted away when he remembered how rough he'd been at the end, and he reached for Hannibal to cup the side of his face, pleased when Hannibal leaned into the touch.

"Seriously, though, how are you feeling? I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No, Will." Hannibal glanced at Will's bleeding mating mark. "You didn't hurt me. You were more… considerate than I was expecting an alpha to be."

“Enjoy that while it lasts,” Will scoffed. “When my rut kicks in…” He didn’t bother to elaborate on what’ll happen then.

Turning his attention to other matters, Will tugged the sheet off the corner of the bed. He tore off two ragged, clean strips and handed the smaller one to Hannibal. The one he kept he wadded up and pressed against his burning mark. There was no point trying to properly patch either of them up, not when they were likely to reopen the wounds again and again in the coming days, but they could at least mitigate the blood loss.

Hannibal quietly thanked him for the sheet scrap and placed it on his own neck, which was hardly bleeding at all anymore. “And when do you think that will be?”

“I’d worried at first that it would’ve been right away, but if those old stories are true… Probably around a day. Sooner, if I can get us somewhere that feels safe and secure.”

“Does it have to be somewhere specific?” Hannibal asked and then tsk’d at Will’s poor blood-sheets handling. He moved Will’s hands away and fussed with the wad of fabric until it was folded and positioned to his liking.

“Technically, no. Just so long as we’ll be alone and undisturbed for the duration of your heat. We might be able to get a motel or something before the first wave really hits but…”

The likelihood of finding one nearby that even *accepted* heat partners, let alone had a vacancy or bore any resemblance to “safe and secure” was slim. Slimmer, even, than running into your true mate outside a diner in the middle of nowhere.

“What about a cabin?” Hannibal asked, jerking Will from his musings.

“What cabin?” Will countered. *“Whose* cabin?”

“Does it matter whose?”

Of course it fucking matters. “Yes.”

Hannibal huffed in annoyance at being questioned. “It’s no one’s,” he said. “Not anymore.”

Ah. Will kept his eyes on Hannibal’s small pout and felt around blindly on the bedding until he found Hannibal’s hand, linking their fingers together. “Do you know where it is?” Hannibal nodded. “And we’ll be undisturbed? What about when the police start looking into the deaths?”

“They won’t, not for some time. There’s an abandoned storefront not far from that diner. The little fools cornered me in it, all the while bragging about their newly built cabin and its isolation. The smell might attract attention eventually, but I imagine we’ll be long gone by then.”

Depending on if he could get the truck there, that sounded perfect, except for one little detail nagging at the back of Will’s mind. “If you had this cabin in your back pocket, why did you hitch a ride with me? Why not just head there to wait out your heat?”

Hannibal sighed and leveled Will with a disappointed look, like he was a stupid, misbehaving puppy that was simply too cute to punish.

A little offended, Will was going to ask what was so ridiculous about his question when he realized… that had been Hannibal's plan all along. He wondered at what point that had changed, when Hannibal had decided he wasn't walking out of here alone.

But then Hannibal experimentally clenched down and laughed when Will slammed his head against the wall in surprise, groaning. Maybe it didn't matter when the conscious choice was made. Maybe there hadn't been a choice at all. They went from being seconds away from gutting each other to one half of a new whole, bound for life, death, and whatever troubles lay between.

Will couldn't resist the sudden impulse to pull Hannibal's mouth down to his, both of them smiling into the kiss, both of them tasting of the blood of their union.

End Notes

“A serial killer and his date are out for a walk in the woods at night.”
"Man, this forest is really creepy at night. I wish we weren't out here," his date says.
He replies, "How do you think I feel? I gotta walk out of here alone."

Another entry in the series, another terrible serial killer joke.

Thanks for reading everyone! I hope you enjoyed. :D Come chat with me on twitter @katarra!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!